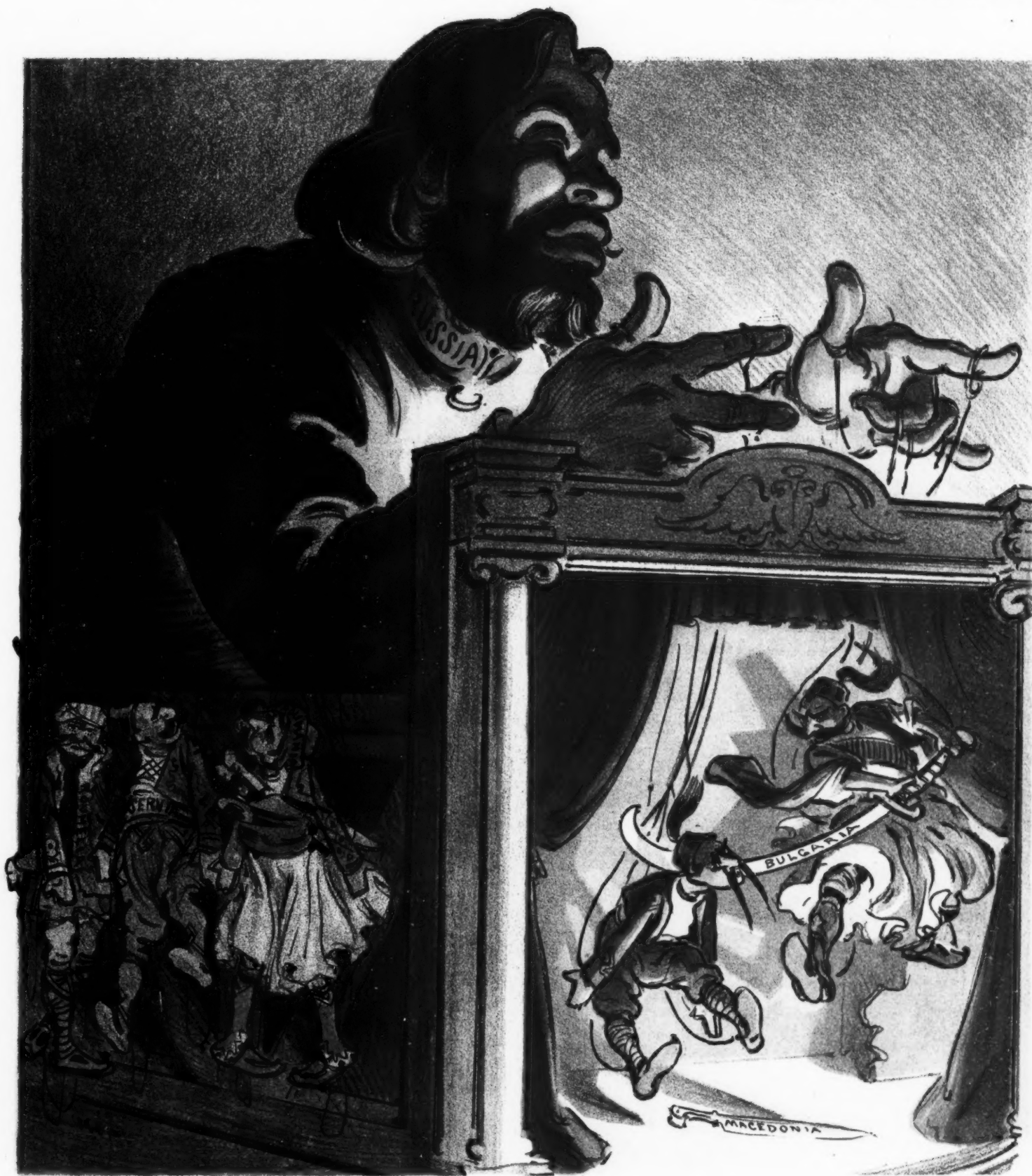
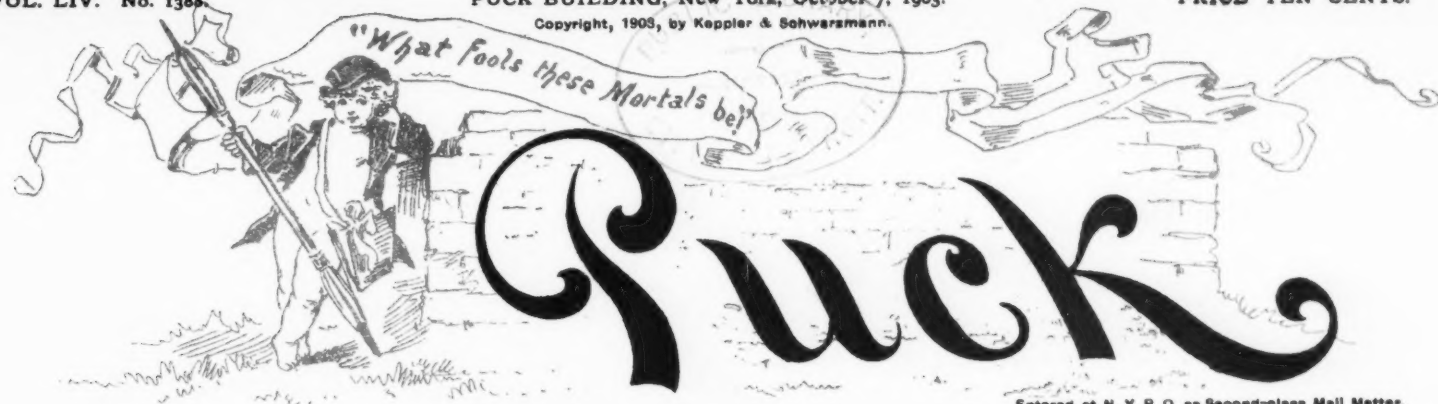


VOL. LIV. No. 1388.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 7, 1903.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



AT PRESENT HE WORKS BULGARIA.

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE SINCE PETER, THE GREAT.



A FABLE WITH A QUESTIONABLE MORAL.

"Honesty is the best policy," quoted the fine old gentleman, as he called attention to an undercharge on the part of the overworked waitress who had served him.

The manager indulged in a commendatory smile, and thoroughly agreed with him.

After the fine old gentleman had departed the manager sent for the overworked waitress and told her she was no longer worth four dollars a week to him. So the girl lost her job.

QUESTION:—Has any fine old gentleman a moral right to the possession of a four-dollar-a-week conscience?

A WISE BOY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, Bobby, can you tell me what becomes of people who steal?

BOBBY.—Yes, sir. If they are not caught before they get rich they become kleptomaniacs.

WATER.

Water 's bought in Cairo.

Remarkable? Of course!

You know, or ought to know, at least, That Cairo has no Bourse.



SQUELCHING HIM.

"What? Two dollars for a ticket?"

"Yep; it 's worth it."

"Well, s'posin' it is. We had a show up to Hod's Corners that the ministers said it was a shame to go to see, an' I seen it for thirty-five cents!"

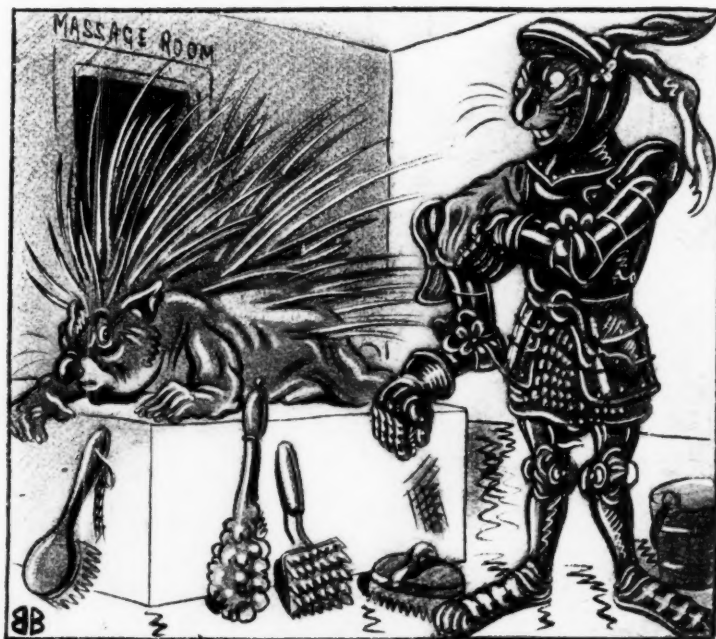
THE FELLER ON THE FENCE.

LIKE A man of courage, an' convictions good an' strong,
Though his judgment may be hasty an' his theories be wrong;
A man who 'll come out boldly an' defend with main an' might
A thing in controversy if he thinks the thing is right.
I like t' measure swords with one who 'll parry, guard an' thrust,
Defendin' what he thinks is fair, an' fightin' what 's unjust.
He may hold views t' which my mind most stubbornly dissents,
But I 'm bound t' like him better than the feller "on the fence."

The wishy-washy feller who when politics or art
Are subjects of discussion never cares t' take a part;
The man who when he 's talkin' with his dearest, bosom friend
Will state not his opinions lest the statement may offend,
Offends me more by silence an' by sitting calm, inert,
Than he would by fightin' back a bit, my views t' controvert,
An' it does n't stand t' reason that a man with common-sense
Could feel much admiration for the feller "on the fence."

The man 's a moral coward who the topmost rail will choose
To perch on, wholly speechless, when you charge on him with views.
A long-horned Texas bovine might there drive me to a seat, —
But I 'll ne'er from controversy with a palsied tongue retreat!
An' so, a man of courage, an' conviction good an' strong,
I 'd choose, although his judgment an' his theories be wrong,
His views be those t' which my mind most stubbornly dissents, —
I 'm bound t' like him better than the feller "on the fence."

Roy Farrell Greene.



NEXT!

THE PORCUPINE.—I want my back massaged.

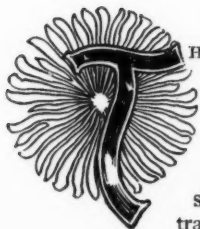
RABBIT-MASSEUR.—Yessir! In a minute, sir!

Unhappiness is where happiness disappoints us and happiness is where unhappiness disappoints us.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

EVANGELIST.—I assure you, Brother Jonas, that I will convert every sinner in this town.
BROTHER JONAS.—You—er—might leave just a few, sir. The good folks here have got to have a few sinners to thank God they are better than, you know.



THE FORECAST OF A FABLE.

HERE WAS once a press agent who moved slightly in advance of a certain actress. The actress, it appears, was nothing slow either, so further description of the press agent is unnecessary. He had interviews in the hands of the afternoon papers in time for the noon edition, while she was still engaged in arriving on the one o'clock train. The things he wrote were unusually clever, even for a press agent, and equally untrue. Most of them added greatly to her reputation as an actress, but were a serious jolt to her character as a human being. At any rate people read them greedily and dramatic editors all over the country padded their Sunday pages with stories about her.

Cities and towns were left in a perfect furor of anticipation after the visit of the press agent, and the box-office man was forced to drink beef, wine and iron through a hose in order to maintain a hard cast of countenance during the subsequent series of rushes.

One day while the press agent was writing a story about how his particular divinity was forced to ward off an obstreperous admirer with a pearl-handled revolver, he received a telegram stating that his services had taken a regular Wall street slump and that there would be no salvage. He waited till the company caught up with him and asked for an explanation.

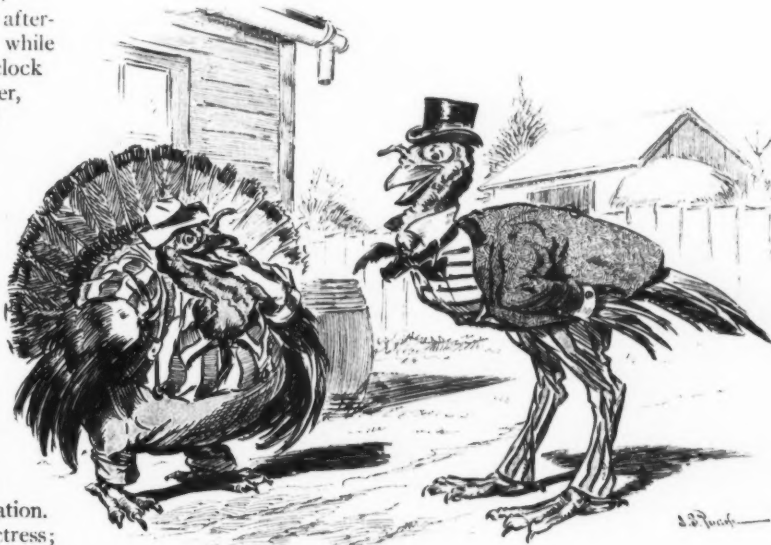
"It is not that your work is unsatisfactory," said the actress; "but people are beginning to say that they would rather read your notices about me than to see me act. You are beginning to be spoken of as the cleverest thing connected with this company, while I am looked upon everywhere as a disappointment."

MORAL:—It is frequently more difficult to live up to your reputation than it is to live it down.

Robert C. McElravy.

JUST SO.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what are follies?
PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Amusements that we have grown tired of, my son.



NO COURAGE TO EXHIBIT.

TOM TURKEY.—I've heard Mrs. Farmer say that you seem to be afraid of her.

TOBIAS TURKEY.—Yes; I'm willing to let her have that impression. I've heard that the bravest are the tenderest.

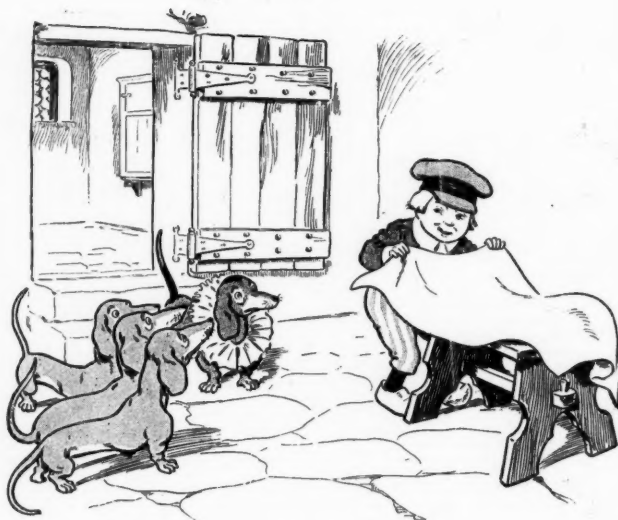
PUCK

HIS CIRCUMAMBULATORY GARRULITY.

"HAT SORTER reminds me," said the genial and accommodating landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., "of a funny thing that happened here, along last Fall. Tell you how it was: "There was a show troop stoppin' with me—and kickin', of course. Them theatrical folks is the unsatisfieddest people on earth! Something is always crossways with 'em, and they are everlastin'ly kickin' like a skeleton havin' a fit on a tin roof. You have to handle 'em with care, or they'll explode. I remember, along season before last, we had a troop in the op'ry house that was playin' tragedies at ten, twenty and thirty cents admission; and they was n't so blamed bad, either, only they were such kickers. The leadin' tragedian was the worst. Every time anything went wrong with him you could pick up twelve basketfuls of fragments, he went all to pieces so—figgeratively speakin'. Well, one night, when they were playin', with the assistance of a lot of our high-tonedest young society men, from the dry goods stores, the barber shop, and so on—officiatin' as mobs, outside shouts, and the like—just as the tragedian was a-stabbin' the king in the stomach, one of the young society men flapped right down in a faint. I reckon he was bilious, or something; but, anyhow, it spoiled the scene, and the tragedian cut up like a volcano. The young feller was pretty crafty, though, and swore it was terror inspired by the realistic actin' that made him swoon. This so tickled the great man that he gave the lad half a dollar and patted him on the head, just as they do in stories. So far,

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 8.



I.
"My matchless four," said Hans, "a feast
Is good at times for man and beast."



II.
"You take the jug; and you, the plate;
The bird I 'll bring myself, in state."



III.
Chum Dackel thought: "It 's plain to see
He left this little can for me."



IV.
"I 'll fetch it—Goodness! There it goes!"
And clouds of pepper black arose.

so good; but the next night, when the great man was runnin' varlets through with his sword, there was a unanimous and awful yell from the other seven of our high-toned young society men, who needed the money, too; and down they came ker-flop on the floor in a dead faint. And that tragedian—well, words are in-addy-queue-eight to do justice to his rage. To me, it 'peared more like a joke than anything else; but, as I say, actors are always a kickin'.

"But that ain't what I started in to tell you about. This lot of troopers that I first referred to wanted to leave town on the 4:10 train in the mornin'; and when I told 'em that that was a considerable spell prior to my regular gittin'-up time, of course they kicked. I sorter pacified 'em by arrangin' with the night operator at the depot to come over and arouse 'em in plenty of time by poundin' on the wall of the hotel with a club.

"But, as it happened, at about 3.20, a gentleman whose name I reckon I 'd better just call Judge. So-and-so, on account of his bein' sorter touchy about certain things—you 've seen that kind; the more drinks he got the more dignified he was, and the less he thought anybody was onto him. Why, one time—had to laugh to myself!—he was leanin' against the sign post out here, the picture of dignity and with a jag on bigger 'n a behemoth, and Pick Hooks' peddle-wagon was standin' in the street, which was considerable muddy; and the Judge, in tryin' to turn around, tripped himself up, and fell sprawlin' in the street and rolled under the peddle-wagon. Instead of crawlin' out, he just stayed under there and proceeded to sa'nter around on his hands and knees in the mud, and carefully examine the whole runnin'-gear of the peddle-wagon. Then he crawled forth and scrambled to

PUCK



V.

A whiff, a sniff, a gasp, a wheeze,
Then followed faster sneeze on sneeze.



VI.

And Dackel mourned: "It passes guessing
Why folks should call a sneeze refreshing."

his feet, and gravely remarked, 'Well, now I understand it all,' and went wabblin' off down the street, serene in the belief that he had fooled everybody but himself. As I say, the Judge is tol'ably touchy on the subject.

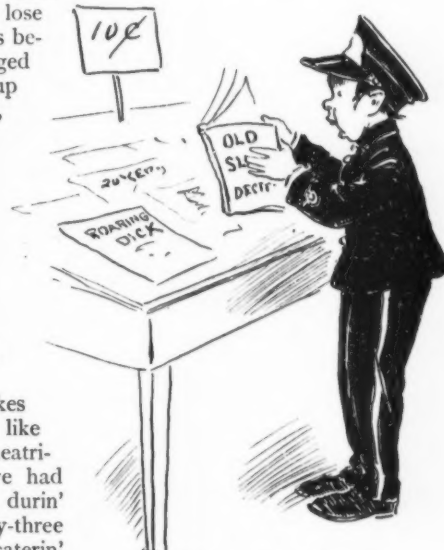
"Well, but what I 'm gittin' at is that at about 3.20 the Judge came peroozin' along, laborin' under a carefully-constructed jag and the delusion that he had reached home and wanted to come in, and began to thump on the side of the hotel with a fence-rail. Thereupon, the thespians, so to describe 'em, leaped from their couches, donned their socks and buskins and one thing and another, and set forth. They fell into line and proceeded to foller off the intoxicated Judge, who, as soon as he discovered that he had struck the wrong house, started to move away, in a direction exactly opposite to the path to the depot. I reckon he thought he was bein' maliciously chased.

"This state of affairs remained in vogue, as they say in stories,

for some time. The Judge departed faster and faster, and the troopers increased their speed in order to keep from bein' left behind and lost. Towards the last, the whole procession was about as good as goin' on the dead run, the actors thinkin' that the night operator was tryin' to lose 'em, and the Judge imaginin' he was bein' pursued by an entire and enraged family. When they finally caught up with him, and explanations were had, the decidedly salty language of the show folks made the Judge so mad that he jerked out his revolver, which he had forgotten up to that time, and chased 'em clear back again. This enabled 'em to reach the depot just in time to board their train, and depart, feelin', prob'ly, that it was indeed good to be there.

"D'know how it strikes you, but to me it 'pears like the biggest joke on the theatrical profession that I 've had the pleasure of knowin' durin' the whole blamed twenty-three years that I have been caterin' to 'em, as you might call it."

Tom P. Morgan.



A FEAST IN STORE.

"Gee! I 'm goin' to buy dis one when I git de money. 'Tink of trackin' de criminal t'rough sixty-four pages of fine print!"



TOM MOORE STYLE.

THE POLICEMAN.—Bedad, Bridget, jig dancin' loike that is the poethry av motion!

THE COOK.—Faith, it is. An' good Oirish poethry at thot!

THE GERM THEORY.

The discovery of the germ theory is perhaps the most important in the history of medicine, the discovery of the stomach of course excepted.

Exhaustive experiments on guinea pigs have made it clear that mankind can not be well without serums.

But such is the character of serums that nobody will take them unless he is frightened.

And the germ theory has thrown more scares into more people than all other theories put together.

Thus it is not easy to see how we should manage to have any health to speak of, without the germ theory.

THE SIZE OF IT.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is executive ability?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—The faculty of earning your bread by the sweat of other people's brows, my son.

Some people devote their time largely to making mistakes and resting after their exertions.

PUCK



NOT TOO STRONG A TEMPTATION.

HELEN.—I should think you people would be tempted to indulge in cider immoderately.
HIRAM.—Not in soft cider, miss. There are not many hard drinkers of soft drinks.

When a woman locks a secret in her heart, the laugh is once more on the locksmith.

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SUBLIMITY AT ITS BEST. RARELY in politics do we find the sublime. The ridiculous is ever present; but the sublime, seldom. When, as in the local campaign, the rarity appears, it is the duty of every citizen to properly appreciate it and to duly thank those men who give it being. Sublimity at present is attained by one set of persons only; those who will reluctantly but firmly vote for Tammany Hall next month because they can see no way of separating the local from the national issue. Needless is it to say that these modern martyrs are Democrats; solid, steady followers of Jefferson and his simple creed. They know the grade of Tammany government and they rightfully detest it, but with beautiful self-sacrifice and superb moral courage, they will give it their sanction at the polls. They will vote for Crokerism and Murphyism, because they believe in Tariff Reform. They will boom vice and all kinds of corruption, because they favor trust legislation. They will help the rascals in, because they would "turn the rascals out." And defile every local office, because they would clean up the Post Office expeditiously. These, by no means, are all of their decisions, but they are enough to indicate, we think, the iron nature of the sect. Certainly, no one can ponder their plans without pacing the floor in his admiration. And politics will never be wholly depraved while such men live and vote.

PLEADERS FOR MERCY. THE ENROLLMENT of John Mitchell in the Anti-Miller ranks was seemingly a gain for the latter. Beside his acquaintance with the President, Mr. Mitchell brought with him a forceful argument, well calculated to sway the federal authorities in the direction desired. He was prepared to show that while the opponents of Mr. Miller as a government employee, were apparently severe in their arraignment, in reality they were disposed to moderation, a redeeming trait. To present this view and to secure an "amicable" settlement, Mr. Mitchell was thoroughly competent. He, more effectively than any one else, could remind the Executive that, although by the Pennsylvania precedent, Miller's crime of "flagrant non-unionism" was punishable by death, by severe injury, by aggravated assault or by the destruction of one's home through the agency of dynamite, resort to such extreme penalty was not intended in the current case. And to the accuracy of his contention, the records of the coal strike, conducted by Mr. Mitchell, would satisfactorily testify. By Mitchell's disciples in Pennsylvania, fourteen flagrant non-unionists were murdered, forty-two were severely injured, sixteen were shot from ambush and sixty-seven were assaulted;—all for the same crime of which Miller himself had been regularly tried and convicted. Hence, in the light of these facts, the prosecution of Mr. Miller became instead a plea for clemency. No one asked the President to do mortal injury to the offender, to severely injure him, to assault him or to blow up his Washington residence. All that the prosecution required was that he remove Miller—the flagrant non-unionist—forthwith and take away his livelihood. Not a stone

was to be thrown; not a blow struck. That was understood. Justice, in short, was to be tempered liberally with mercy—even adulterated. And federal hesitation, in the face of such understanding, must have been both puzzling and exasperating.

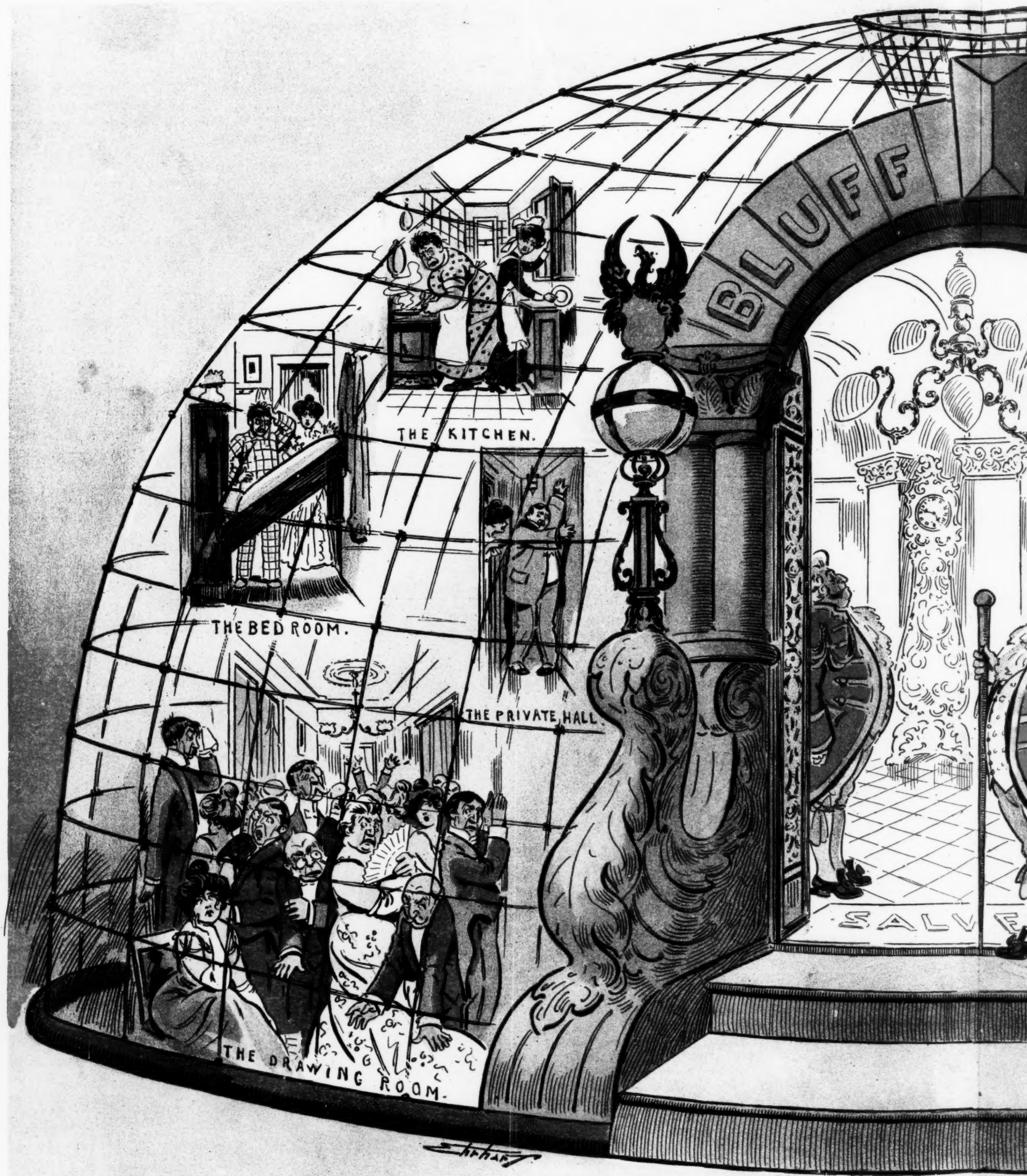
CONCERNING CHRISTIANITY.

IN REGARD to Eastern affairs, the reply of Mr. Balfour to the Archbishop of Canterbury is illuminating. The Archbishop wrote to the Prime Minister on the subject of Macedonian atrocities, incidentally asking why there had been no intervention. The Prime Minister answered the Archbishop by intimating very plainly to all who cared to comprehend that in his genius for atrocities, the heathen Turk had a formidable rival in the Christian Macedonian and that intervention was illogical while both sides were at fault. Mr. Balfour further declared that despite his recognized Christian character, the Macedonian was "not fully imbued with Western ideas of humanity;" in which mild but unmistakable opinion, we think, a majority of impartial observers will frankly acquiesce. It has been apparent for some time, indeed, that the Macedonian Christian had ideas peculiarly his own as to practical Christianity. Secretly, we have believed right along—even before Mr. Balfour spoke—that he was not of the exemplary brand which tenants the front pew on Sunday mornings. Nor did we feel at all convinced that the Macedonian Christian held Wednesday night prayer-meeting, wore a white tie, got up fairs and June excursions, or suffered acutely from "thought transference," like some of his Western brethren. He is not to be condemned, of course, on this account, but if long distance estimates are trustworthy, he has one or two traits in common with the Christian lyncher, the Christian mob-member and the devout Christian dynamiter of this Christian land; these tendencies in South Eastern Europe being by no means monopolized by the unconverted.



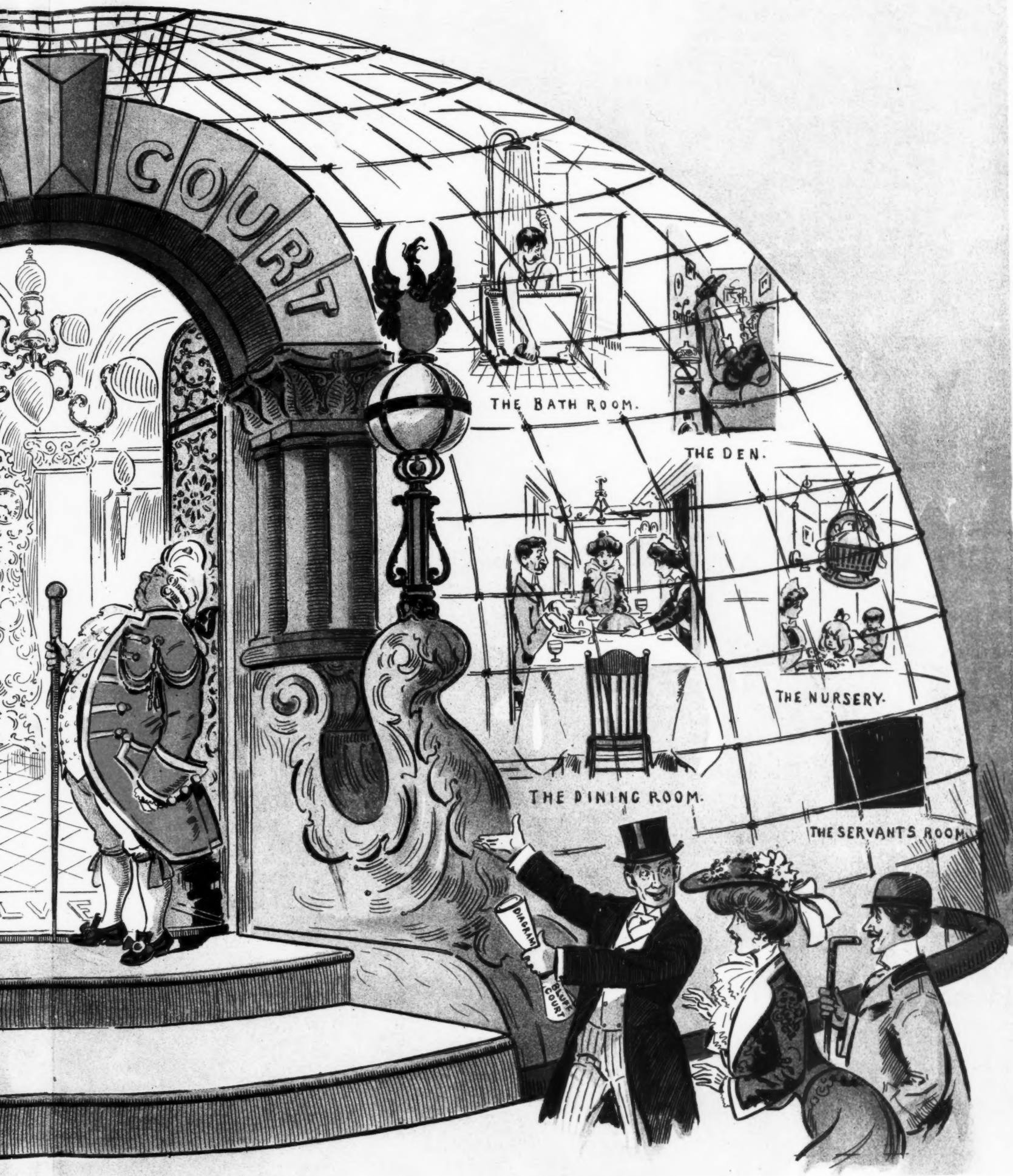
WARM INDEED.

CORINNE.—Don't you think it has been a very cold summer?
ETHEL.—Dear me, no—I have had seventeen proposals!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ALL IS NOT GOLD T
THE APARTMENT HOUSE TRAP AND



GOLD THAT GLITTERS.
HOUSE TRAP AND ITS ALLURING BAIT.

PUCK



VARIABLE.

THE FAMILY FRIEND.—I suppose the baby is the sunshine of your home?
MAMA.—Sometimes. Frequently he is the storm centre.

THE TIME TABLE.

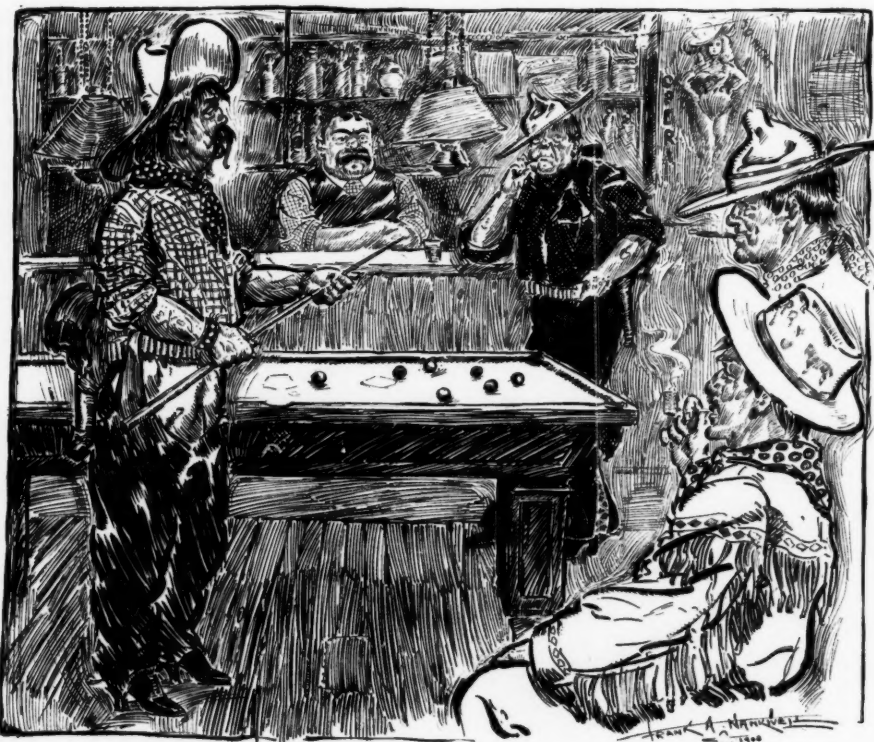
THE railroad has a table
Where many daily
meet,
And you may like the
viands
It furnishes to eat!

Imprimis, the substantial
For all the motley crew
It hastily commingles,
And jumbles in a stew.

Then, though you paid a
dollar,
A quarter or a nickle,
Impartially it serves you
A most tremendous
pickle.

And finally, to make you
As quiet as a lamb,
It saccharinely offers
A highly seasoned jam!
Amos R. Wells.

UNLESS a prophet is
without honor in
his own country, the
newspapers print
everything he says,
whereupon he natur-
ally does n't last long.



SHOTS.

"You 're missin' some pretty easy shots, Bill."
"Well, yer can't expect me to handle a cue like I can a gun, can yer?"

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE CLARENCE.
—Pa, what is an ama-
teur actress?

MR. CALLIPERS.—
One who has never
been divorced, my son.

RUS IN URBE.

"Your city is quite
up to date."

"Wal, she's all o'
that. B'gosh! now 't
we've got three houses
an' a saloon, we're
beginnin' tew ag'tate
fer breathin' spaces."

CAUTIOUS.

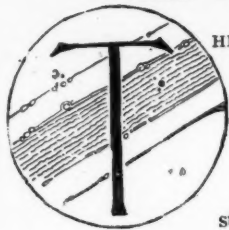
"But why did you
not send for the doctor
next door when you
became suddenly ill?"
asked his friend.

"You forget," an-
swered the sufferer,
"that I have been
learning to play the
cornet recently."

TO BE entirely tolerant
we must tolerate
those who are intoler-
ant.

Punctilio is where a man owes the tailor for the clothes he pays his respects in.

FROM THE "LONELYVILLE WEEKLY RECORD."



HERE is an unclaimed Postal Card at the Post Office for Mr. Easypayments. It is from his brother in Oshkosh, who writes that he is out of a job, but well, and hopes that Mr. Easypayments is the same.

While Mr. and Mrs. Brannigan, who are caretakers in Mr. Coupon's house, were at dinner, Monday evening, sneak-thiefs entered the house by a rear window and stole the lead plumbing in the bathroom and kitchen.

A dog bayed three times last evening. Whose early demise does this portend?

The McGinnises, who are caretakers in Mr. Checkbook's house, gave a dance last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fiverooms, of Harlem, ping-ponged with Mr. and Mrs. Borrowell, Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenkids, caretakers in Mr. Bankstock's house, have taken down the unsightly "For Sale, or To Rent—Easy Terms" sign that Mr. Bankstock nailed to the front fence before he left for the city, and they say they like lovely Lonelyville so well that they have decided to stay here indefinitely.

Hi Chinwiskers had a leak in his roof mended this week.

Thursday evening was so rainy that very few of the Volunteer Hose Company members turned out at the incipient fire in Mr. Lendthings's cottage. Those who did, however, report that they had a very enjoyable time, the collation after the fire being especially tempting.

Mr. Easypayments met with an unfortunate accident while on his way to the station the other morning. On passing along Saltmeadow Lane he got into the mud over the tops of a brand-new pair of storm rubbers he was wearing, and they were sucked from his feet and had disappeared beneath the surface before he could get a plank and attempt to rescue them. He has offered a reward for their recovery, and they have been dragged for and guns have been fired over the spot where they sank in the hope of raising them; but, as yet, every effort to recover them has been fruitless.

The *Record* takes this opportunity to expose a swindler who has devised a new and subtle mode of victimizing honest and unsuspecting suburbanites, in comparison with which the old-time gold brick swindle is not to be mentioned for attractiveness. The swindler inserts the following advertisement in a certain newspaper:—

"H-R-E, D-G. The first suburbanite filling in the missing letters of the above words so that they spell the names of two faithful domestic animals, inclosing a dollar and his address, will be rewarded by my consideration of a proposition to engage as cook in his family, if it does not exceed two adults with one child, at twenty dollars a month. Address, PRIZE COOK COMPETITION, MARY CASEY, P. O. Box 41144, New York City."

It is really a cruel hoax. Each trustful suburbanite easily solves the word puzzle and sends in his dollar, fondly hoping that his solution will be the first received. But he never hears from "Mary Casey." A word to the wise.

Con. C. Converse.

THE CHANGE.

"There has been a great change here, since my last visit, ten years ago," said the gentleman from New England.

"You bet!" enthusiastically replied the landlord of the Atlantic and Pacific Hotel, at Whoopopolis, Kansas. "Just about that time this town was a reg'lar stronghold of Populism; now it's got seven barber-shops!"



HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

THE PARROT.—Well! You're not much of a bird to look at, but you certainly can talk.



REASONING BY ANALOGY.

"Looky year chile," said Mammy Brown, "you come away fum dat thermometer."

"I was jes' lookin' at it," protested Pickaninny Jim.

"Well, you stan' about two feet away an' keep yoh han's behin' yoh back when you looks at it. You's made trouble enough. 'Member dat day you fooled wif de clock? Fus ting I knowed it was half pas' 'leven an' de chickens war goin' to roos. You 'll go on tamperin' wif dat thermometer an' dis here curious weather is liable to keep up till Christmas."—*Washington Star*.

THAT'S WHY.

"Never did see a cullud angel in de pictur' books, did you?"

"Never did."

"Well, what you reckon is de reason?"

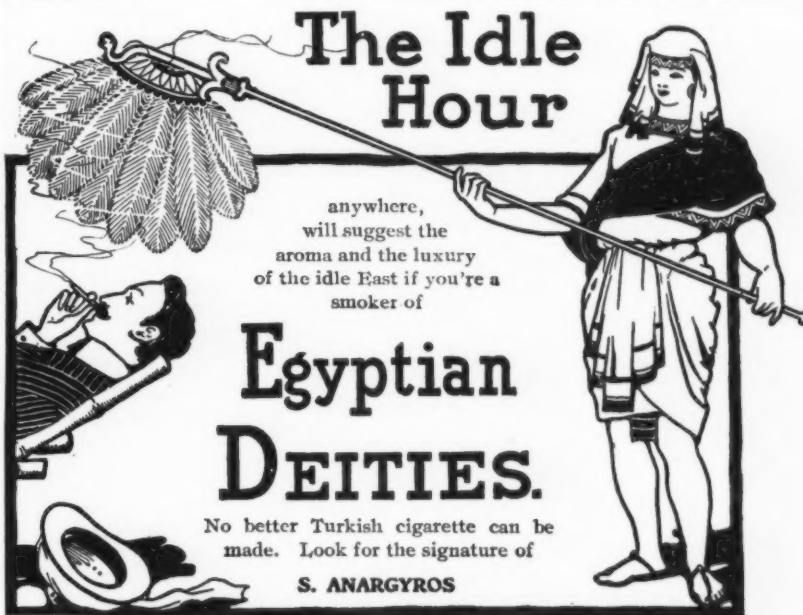
"Dey gits so skeered de devil will ketch 'em on de way dar, dat dey turns white!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

VERY SIMILAR.

"Well, John," said the eminent personage, who was now an invalid, "who is it wishes to see me now? My biographer?"

"No, Your Excellency," replied the butler, "your physician."

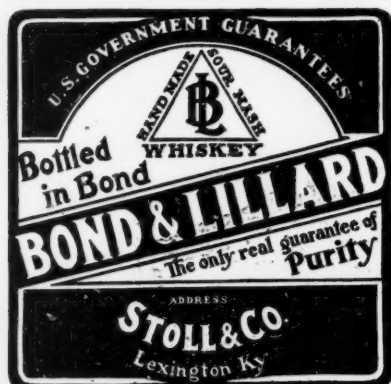
"Ah! almost the same thing. He's at work upon my life, too."—*Philadelphia Press*.



"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
York.



Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in Puck.



FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS -MADE AT KEY WEST-

A TEXT FROM BR'ER WILLIAMS.

"I don't study 'bout de question er how many days hit took ter make de worl'; de leadin' question wid me is — how many days will I be in it?" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Perhaps I 'm not competent to criticise —"

"Why, that 's nothing, Mama. Very few critics allow *that* to keep them from expressing an opinion!"

How To Do It

Everything salable should be
made right and kept right.



Hunter Whiskey

is made right in quality and
purity. It is kept right by
perfect ageing, and its superb
flavor is a natural result.

Under Any Test it is The Best.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The Highest
Perfection
of the Brewer's Art



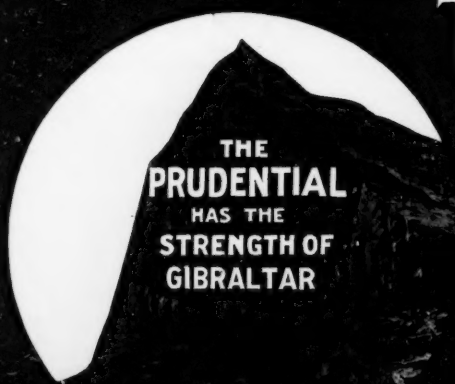
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On the golf links a drink of Cool's Imperial Extra
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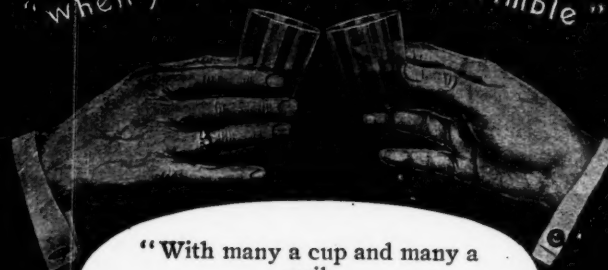
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MISS VASSAR.—Of all the six-months-old babies I think Mrs. Dumpling's is the cutest little—

MISS SPOARTY.—Oh! do you know her?

MISS VASSAR.—Yes, indeed! She was in college with me. She was in the '95 class there.

MISS SPOARTY.—The idea! She's easily in the 170-pound class now.—*Philadelphia Press.*

AROMATIC DELICACY,
MILDNESS AND PURITY.



Milo
CIGARETTES.



A THOUGHT FOR THE TIMES.

"De younger generation," said Brother Dickey, "is gittin' old so fast dat dey overtakin' de oldest of de gray-headed sinners."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PICTURE DEALER.—The artist died before he was thirty.

MRS. GREENBACK.—Why, I thought you said he was an "old master."—*Boston Post.*

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NATURAL
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My name is not Hunyadi only, but
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the original, only genuine and reliable Hungarian Natural Laxative Water.

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It removes and prevents Biliousness and Lazy Liver.

DIRECTIONS:—Drink half a glass on arising in the morning. Results are certain.

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Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.

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SOMEWHAT SURPRISING.

UNCLE JOSH.—Why, they've been sellin' the Post Office all sorts of things at all sorts of prices.

UNCLE SETH.—Yep. It's a wonder somebody did n't sell it a lot of two-cent stamps at three cents apiece.

GUIDE.—Do you call that the right way to hold a gun?

CHOLLY LIGHT-HEAD.—Well, it's the way the correspondence school said to do it.—*Boston Post.*

FIRST TRAMP.—Dey say dat time weighs heavy wid poor Woozy.

SECOND TRAMP.—Yep. Der last trip wuz fer six mont's—dey're gettin' heavier.—*Yonkers Herald.*

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestras, Banda Rosa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; mailed free; it gives instructions for amateur bands.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 906 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

MISTRESS.—Did you tell the lady I was out?

SERVANT.—Yes, Ma'am.

MISTRESS.—Did she have any doubts about it?

SERVANT.—No, Ma'am—she just said she knewed you was n't.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE older we get the more stock we take in what our ancestors knew.—*Wash. Democrat.*

America
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GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE



—the only Gold Medal winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition—is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price.

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AN INVOCATION.

Come on, Mister Winter—
I don't keer how you blow!
I wants to hear de fiddle—
See de white san' on de flo'!

Come on, Mister Winter,
A-slingin' of yo' sleet!
De jimmyjohn is temptin',
En a fidget 's in my feet!

Come on, Mister Winter—
Fling yo' toe en heel!
En here 's a Georgy breakdown
En de ole Verginny reel!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*



FED HIS VANITY.

"Longneck is quite stuck on himself, is n't he?"

"Yes. He has just heard about the price of ostrich feathers."

VAIN MAN.

MR. HAYSEED.—There ain't nothin' thet Si Peters loves more 'n newspaper notoriety.

MRS. HAYSEED.—What 's he bin a-doin' now?

MR. HAYSEED.—Paintin' his barn agin, an' there ain't no occasion fur it, 'cept tew git his name in the paper.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Now, TOMMY," said the Sunday-School teacher, "you may tell me why the fatted calf was killed?"

"Perhaps, Ma'am, he ate some of these new-fangled health foods."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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In water and sugar makes a delightful tonic for ladies and children. Refuse imitations.

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Tabasco Sauce

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The perfect seasoning for SOUPS, SALADS, OYSTERS, CLAMS, FISH SAUCES, GRAVIES, etc. Indispensable for the table and in the kitchen. Assures good digestion. Imparts a delicious flavor.

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THE world needs more religion in politics and less politics in religion.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Like leaves of trees the race of man is found
Now green in youth now withering on the ground

FALLING LEAVES

warn us that winter-time is fast approaching. And we prepare for it. But how about the winter-time of life? When the winter of your life approaches, will it be bare and cheerless as that of the tree stripped of its leaves?

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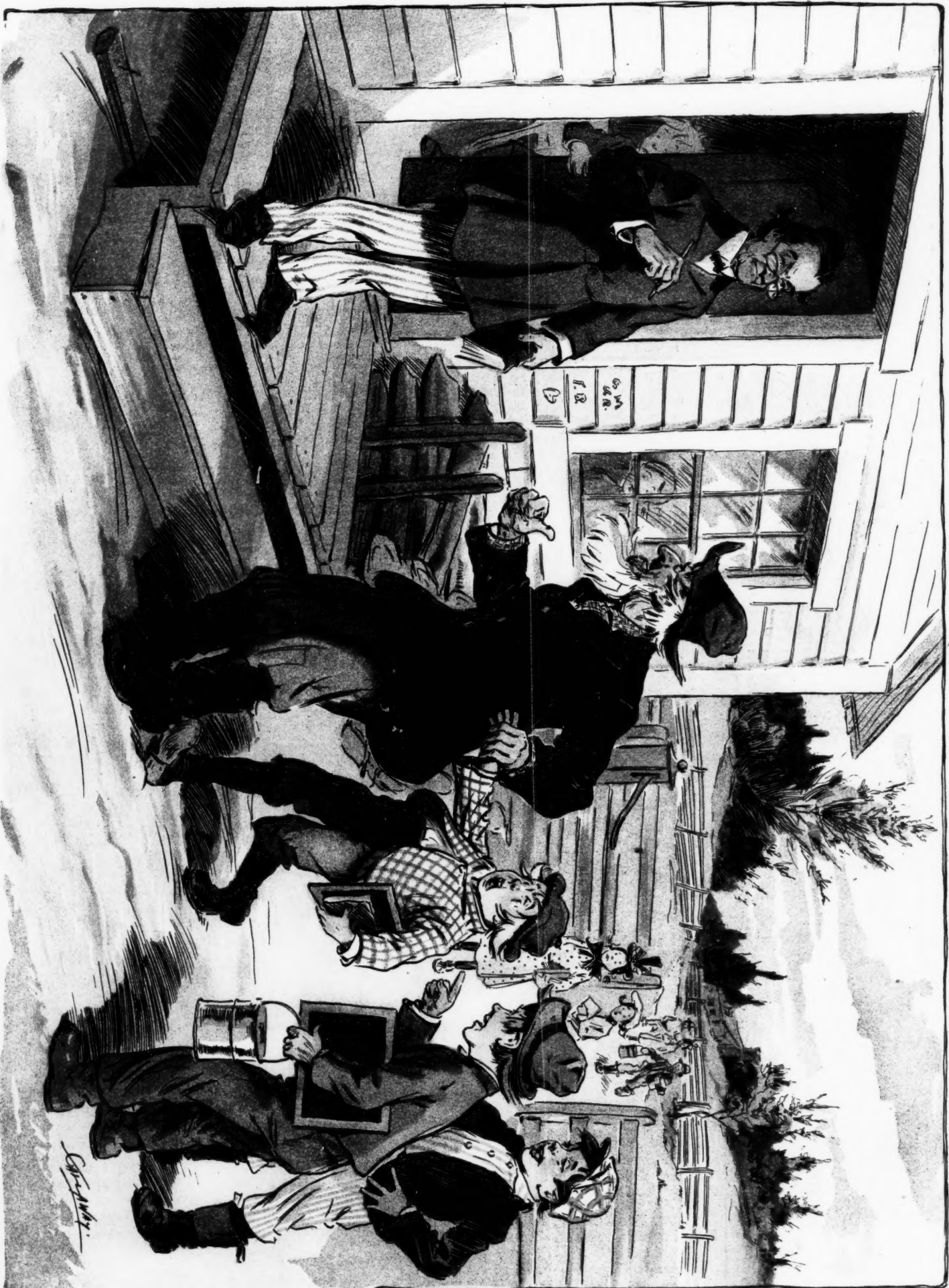
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KNOWLEDGE.

THE TUANT-OFFICER.—He's been playin' hooky for two days an' I jes' had to drag him here. I reckon he knows what he'll get.

THE DISTRICT TEACHER.—He does, sir. It is one of the few things I have been able to teach him.